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THE  
Lover's Secretary.  
— & IN  
Four PARTS:

---

Being a  
COLLECTION  
OF

BILLETS DEUX,  
LETTERS AMOROUS,  
LETTERS TENDER, and  
LETTERS OF PRAISE.

---

Collected from the Greatest Wits  
of France, as Voiture, Bafack,  
Du Pin, Le Prate, Cardinal Do-  
sate, and many others.

---

L O N D O N,  
Printed for R. Bentley. in Russel-  
Street, in Covent-Garden, 1692.



*Sold By R. Bently in Puff  
Street in Caen's Garden 1692.*



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COLLECTED

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WILLIAMS, J. A.

LETTERS

LABYRINTH

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



Callahan of the 100th

1907

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1907

... 1941 ...

10

**THE  
BOOK-SELLER**

To the  
**READER**

**T**HE Gentle-  
man that  
Translated these  
A 3 Let-

The Bookseller  
*Letters, intend-*  
*ed to have De-*  
*dedicated them to a*  
*Fair Lady, but*  
*a sudden Death*  
*prevented him;*  
*I fancied there*  
*must be some-*  
*thing very ex-*  
*traordinary in*  
*them,*

to the Reader. I

them, because all  
his Friends be-  
lieved he dy'd for  
Love, and by  
the Cruelties of  
one of the Fair  
Sex & I should  
have been very  
glad that this mis-  
fortune had not  
be-

## The Bookseller

befallen him, for  
the Publick hath  
lost a great many  
Excellent things  
that we might  
have expected  
from him, he be-  
ing one of the  
greatest Wits this  
Age hath produ-  
ced;

to the Reader.

ced; and likewise one of the most modest, for he would not suffer his Name to be put to any of the Books he hath Published; and therefore I am resolv'd to conceal it



The Bobbeler

is willing for: fear  
it should disturb  
him in the other  
World. But I can  
not forbear to tell  
you the many Ob-  
ligations I have  
had from him, and  
how very Gene-  
rous he hath been

is

to



to the Reader,  
to me on all oc-  
casions.

I hope this Piece  
will be of some use  
to the Publick,  
and likewise of  
some benefit to  
your very humble  
Servant,

R. Bentley.

to the Reader  
to me on all oc-  
casions.  
I hope this Piece  
will be of some use  
to the Publick,  
and likewise of  
some benefit to  
your very humble  
Servant.

R. Bentley.

and the you know that I have no  
 thing to say, nothing to say  
 ought to tell as a recompence  
 for a present which will be to

# Lover's Secretary.

## PART II

*Billets of a Lover to her Love.*

### BILLET I

*She asks of him his Heart for a  
 New-Year's-Gift.*

If your heart be your own, I  
 demand it for a New-Year's-  
 Gift, and from you no other Pre-  
 sent will be acceptable. If it be  
 at your disposal, oblige me in  
 sending it me, or bringing it me;

BILLET

B

and

{ 2 }

and be you sure that I have no-  
thing, I say, nothing, which I  
ought to refuse as a Recompence  
for a Present which will be so  
dear to me.

---

BILLET 911.

---

*She is troubled she was not at  
home.*

I T E L L  
**I** Was not a little vex'd at my  
being from home when you  
came. This is making a sorry  
advantage of the first testimony  
of Friendship which you have  
shew'd me, and if you love me a  
little, you ought to be angry  
with me for it. I dye with de-  
sire to make my excuses, and  
this will never be so soon as I  
will.

a

BILLET

## BILLET III

*The 2<sup>d</sup> of March 1671. To the  
Grateful - writes Mrs.*

I can I write no more, since  
you told me that I write  
well. It is above a quarter of an  
hour since I am studying on this,  
and the more I strive to deserve  
the praise you give me, the more  
I perceive I do not deserve it.  
What I tell you concerning is plea-  
sant enough, and I would tell  
you more on the same subject,  
were I not oblig'd to let you  
know my Journey is put off.  
Think not you are oblig'd to  
me for this, seeing it's pure For-  
tune. I shall be satisfied if you  
are pleas'd at it. Write, or  
come.

## BILLET IV

*She sends him word of her going  
out of Town*

I know not whether I ought  
to be troubled at my not be-  
ing here when you came, you  
being of an insupportable hu-  
mour in what concerns me; it is  
therefore better for me, though  
I part to-morrow, that I have  
not seen you. It is no matter;  
your *Billet* shall be instead of  
your self; and though it be not  
the most gallant one, yet it is  
more than you use. Remember  
what you have promised me, or  
rather what you have therein  
given me, and if it be not wholly  
disengaged from her who posses-  
ses it, perhaps with less right  
than



( 9 )

that I have finish'd the work during  
my absence, and is assured I  
know how to give every thing  
its value, and can never be un-  
grateful.

---

BILLET IV. To her Lover.  
BILLET V. To her Rival.

*She will endeavour to get her Lo-  
ver from her.*

**I** am sending you this Billet,  
not rather to delight you,  
than to write to you. Be you  
who you will, I cannot love  
you, and tho' we have one  
and the same design, yet there  
is no sympathy between us. I  
am handsome, have wit, and am  
a dangerous person; altho' our  
Judge be pre-possess'd in favour  
of you, yet believe not your self



( 6 )

secret. The wants of vanquish-  
ing never fail those whose De-  
sires and Courage was vich-  
ment never was his value and  
grateful

BILLET VI To her Lover.

*She writes to him to let him know  
she is going into the Country.*

I Part to morrow with the  
only regret of leaving you.  
The Person I go to cannot com-  
fort me; and if I have any satis-  
faction in my Journey, I shall  
owe it to your Care and Wil-  
dairy. Adieu. Think on me, or  
remember no more what I pro-  
mise you. **BILLET**  
of you, yet believe not your  
leaves

## BILLET. VII.

*She lets him hear from her.*

**T**HO I have not writ to you these three weeks, yet do not therefore think that I have forgot you. I find my heart so sincere in this particular, that I will not so much as offer at an excuse. Know only that I divert my self as much as I can without seeing you; I am grown fat, and am in very good case. *Iris* had best to look to her self at my return. There is no Enchantment can withstand me; tell her I give you yet a Month's time to love her, and after that you shall love her no more. I am not so foolish to think you'll tell her this, but I

( 8 )

am vain enough to believe you  
will cease loving her, as soon as  
you see me. I consult my face  
in the glass, and am charm'd  
with my own miene and dress;  
woe be to the Country Squires  
that shall meet me to day.

---

B I L L E T. VII.

*She signifies to him her Love and  
Jealousie.*

**H**OW hard is it to live in  
any place, when ones mind  
is elsewhere? It is not my fault  
that I be not where you are: I  
am so melancholly for want of  
your Company, that you will  
do me but justice if you love me  
above all things. *It is* very  
troublesome to me, and it seems  
to

(12)

to me that such passionate Verses  
which you have made for her,  
could not be made but by one  
whose passion is real. Pray give  
me some light in this matter, or  
rather tell me you do not love  
her, and tell true. I am a fool  
thus to write to you all I think;  
insult not over my affection, for  
I believe you too honest a Gen-  
tleman to make this your glory.  
Adieu. Write not to me.

**BILLET IX.**

*She entreats him to write tenderly  
to her.*

I Have been some time angry  
with you, that you have not  
writ to me; and the herein you  
only follow'd the Order I gave

**BILLET**

**IX**

**you,**

( 10 )

you, yet one should not always obey so punctually. I pardon a bold enterprize, when it meets with a good success. Write to me by him whom you know; and seeing I cannot see you for some time, omit not the occasion of giving me this satisfaction. Fail not to fill your Letters with those tender and passionate expressions which you so readily bestow on another. Deceive me, rather than write to me in another manner, or imagine it is *Iris* you are writing to. A Marquess of this Country proffers his Service to me, but a Man of your air and merit ought to fear nothing. A Page and Postilion are Animals that make no impression on me. I will tell you all at my return. Adieu, Dear Friend, and yet more than you can imagine.

ELLET

( 44 )  
you mine eyes are even to form  
business is your favour that when  
love shall be present, and love  
have I'll say you shall go on  
*She Enquires of his Amours.*

**T**HE Marquess is almost  
dead by my absence, and  
you are the only Person that  
feels no hurt by it. I should be  
very glad to hear from your self  
how you do, but I trust no body,  
and for more surety, I will de-  
prive my self of this satisfaction.  
We go in a few days to *Blots*,  
where we shall be the rest of the  
Winter. Tell Mr. ——— how  
you will spend your Carnival,  
and whether your *Iris*, this in-  
tolerable *Iris*, be always with  
you as she is wont. I continue  
still to have the same Sentiments  
I ever had for you, and in all  
occasions my heart is true to  
you.

you, mine eyes are even so scrupulous in your favour, that when you shall be present, and love me as you ought, you will have no reason to repent it.

---

BILLET XI.

*She only thinks of seeing him.*

**O**UR People talk of returning to *Paris*, whereas I only think of returning where you are. I suppose you do not doubt but I forward this design with all the skill you know I am Mistress of, and which you shall one day find to *Mrs*'s cost. Let her curse the innocent Scars, provided she falls not out with those that are culpable, and leaps at my eyes, I care not. Notwithstanding



wishstanding what I have said to  
 you, I am afraid you should  
 write to me, not so much out  
 of dread of being discovered, but  
 lest you should not write to me  
 in such a way as I would have  
 you; however write to me, yet  
 anger me as little as you can,  
 and make a shew as if you were  
 what you shou'd be. Adieu. I  
 make the Marquess every day  
 desperate, and reserve all my  
 pity for the first pain you'll feel  
 in loving me.

---

BILLET XII. *To her Confidence*

*She intreats her to assure Sir \_\_\_\_\_  
 that she loves him.*

**P**RAY let the Gentleman  
 know that I do not forget  
 him,

(14)

him, and that he need not solicit me to this. Assure him there is no day passes wherein he is not oblig'd to me, and wherein I do not something for him. There are unfortunate Lovers who can testify to him the truth of what I say.

---

**BILLET XIII.** *The Lover to his Mistress.*

*He assures her of the continuation of her Love.*

---

**T**HE Command you have hitherto laid on me of not writing to you, is a great Testimony of your kindness to me; having hereby saved me from the shame of sending you Letters so much below yours. But seeing you

( 45 )

you oblige me to break a silence  
which was so advantageous to  
me; it shall be only to thank you  
for these favours, and to assure  
you I shall be all my life time in  
the same sentiments you left me.  
This must be an admirable  
Person to make you doubt of  
his, and your Wit as well as  
your Beauty, should justify me  
enough with you. Pray, my  
Dear, believe what I say, and  
think only of a speedy return.  
I am as much disquieted at your  
absence, as ever any Lover was,  
or can be.

**DELET**

## BILLET XVI

*His Mistresses Answer**She Reproaches her Lover for the coolness of his Expressions*

**Y**OU are the most ridiculous and insupportable Creature as ever I knew. What you imagine that I have not sense enough to understand your way of writing to me! you deserve not the least good hap. and this is the last time I shall write to you; restore all your *Billets* to her who delivered them to you. I shall not return this three weeks, and cou'd I do worse, I wou'd do it. Are you not ashamed to send me a Letter so dull, and to treat me as you deserve

serve to be treated your self. If  
 you have not done the same to  
 me, I can never pardon you, and  
 there is only this can excuse you.  
 Will not to let me know the truth  
 of it, or rather make use of the  
 means I set before you to justify  
 your self to me, and so order the  
 matter, that I may not deserved-  
 ly hate you.

Worthy of a Person who is only  
 uncomfortable for the Love of  
 you. **BILLY TUCKER**, now  
 living in this manner.

*She bids him send her a tender  
 Letter.*

**C**AN any one bear this?  
 We part from N. without  
 returning to Paris, and we are  
 going to see places, which, because  
 of you, will seem to me as fright-  
 ful Desarts. I am so mortified at  
 this

this disgrace, that it is impossible  
to know me; and if you send me  
not something, that may please  
me, I am afraid I shall fall sick;  
altho' there's hazard in receiving  
your Letters, yet I matter it not.  
There is no more danger to fear,  
and there is a great deal of joy to  
hope. Let 'em be long, without e-  
quivocations, passions, in a word,  
worthy of a Person who is only  
uncomfortable for the Love of  
you: adieu. I am afraid of being  
surpriz'd in this humour.

What a world of love and tenderness  
is in your Letter.

Adieu. I am afraid of being  
surpriz'd in this humour.  
Other  
We are from 20 without  
returning to home, and we are  
going to the place which I have  
of you, will seem to me as night-  
in the morning. I am to write to you  
in the

~~BILLET XXVII~~

*Other* **BILLETS** *of*  
*Divers Persons.*

**BILLET XXVIII.**

*Madam de Saintot to Monsieur*

*He is promised for Love to two*  
*Ladies*

**I** HAVE promised you for a  
Gallant to two fine Ladies  
friends of mine. You will not  
believe, and this Enterprize  
too great for you, and I know  
you will disengage my word as  
soon as you have seen them.

**BILLET**



**BILLET XVII. To Madam de Saintot.**

*He would willingly see be, Ladies  
to whom he has been promis'd.*

**L**ET me see as soon as is possible what I love, I dye with impatience, Madam, and seeing you have oblig'd me to Love, so order it likewise that I may be beloved. I have thought all night on the two Ladies you know, I have writ to one of 'em; give I beseech you the *Billet* which you will find under the Covert of yours, to her whom you believe I love best. In acknowledgment of your good Offices, you shall ever dispose of my affections, and I will never love any body so much as you  
when,

BILLET

when I am thoroughly persuaded  
you would have me do it.

Now I know I love you

as to his own I fancy you are of a

and **BILLET XVIII.**

some times the country; some

*Voiture to an unknown Mistress*

*his Declaration of Love*

times of the year, when it is always

not only in what one is

**T** Here was never inclination

so extraordinary, as that

which I have for you: let me

die, Madam, if I know who you

are, neither have I ever in all

my life so much as heard you

named, and yet I love you, and

it is now a day since I languish

for you. Without having seen

your face I find it handsom, and

your wit seems to me as Charm-

ing as your face, tho' I never

heard any account of either.

Your Carriage ravishes me, and

to

I imagine I know not  
 yet, which makes me passionately  
 love I know not who.  
 Sometimes I fancy you are of a  
 lovely brown Complexion, and  
 sometimes the contrary; some-  
 times of the largest size, some-  
 times of the least, with an Hawks  
 nose, or a flat one. In what  
 manner soever I think of you,  
 you appear to me most beautiful;  
 and without knowing what kind  
 of beauty you have, I could  
 swear it is the most charming.  
 If you know me as little, and  
 love me as much, I render  
 humble thanks to my Stars; but  
 to the end you may not be mi-  
 staken, and in case you should  
 imagine me a little supper Fel-  
 low, that you might not be sur-  
 prised in seeing me, I shall there-  
 fore give you some description  
 of

of my person. I am something taller than the common size, my head wou'd be well enough liked of, were it not for its gray hairs; mine eyes are lively, but a little wandering, and my Countenance a little sleepy. One of your Friends will tell you in recompence of this, that I am a very good Companion, and that for one who loves five or six Ladies at a time, no body does it more faithfully than my self. If all this be agreeable to you, I am yours at first sight; in the mean time I think of you, without knowing of whom I think, and when 'twill be ask'd me for whom I sigh, fear not, I shall declare it; and be assured I will never tell any thing of you.

BILLET

## BILLET XIX

*Of a Rich Spark to his Mistress.**He assures her of his Love.*

I have, Madam, in my life  
 time been several times in  
 love, but never loved any one  
 at the rate I do you. That  
 which makes me believe it, is  
 that I never exchanged the Gift  
 of an Hundred Pieces to any of  
 my Mistresses to obtain their fa-  
 vour, whereas for yours I'll  
 give Two Thousand. Let me  
 intreat you to think on the Sum,  
 and to remember that Money  
 was never more scarce.

BILLET

TELLE

BILLET XX. *His Mistress.**See Answer.*

I HAVE already perceived  
by the Conversations which  
I have had with you, that you  
want not wit; but I little thought  
you could write so gallantly. I  
never saw any thing more agree-  
able than your *Billet*. I wish I  
may receive many such, and in  
the mean time shall be glad to  
entertain you this Evening.

BILLET XXI. *Three Gen-  
tlemen, to Three Ladies.**They wish to be beloved.*

WE are three, you are three,  
hitherto the Party is e-  
qual, but here's what will ren-  
der it unequal, we love you, but  
C you



you do not love us; yet we  
leave not off to hope. Every  
Lover hopes, and thus we ground  
our hopes. To be liked of, we  
should be well shap'd, we are so  
young, we are; and because you  
are amiable even to admiration,  
we shall love you even to the ado-  
ring you. All this, Ladies, is some-  
thing; but if it produces nothing,  
we will hate you as much as we  
now love you. Our hatred is  
likewise something, and by a con-  
sequence of our sincerity, we will  
advise you to make your selves  
beloved.

BILLET

W

## BILLET XXII.

*The Chevalier d'Her, to Madam—**He tells her he Loves her.*

MY Duty obliges me, Ma-  
 dam, to discover to you  
 a thing I have a long time con-  
 cealed. It is just a Month since  
 I have loved you; if you are  
 displeased at it, I am undone.  
 But nothing is more unjust, than  
 to see so Charming a Person as  
 you are, without loving her.  
 Love is Beauty's Tribute, and  
 whoever sees Beauty without  
 Love, with-holds her due from  
 her, in such a manner as cries  
 for vengeance.

BILLET

C 2

BILLET

## BILLET XXIII

Le Pais, to Madam—

*He is wholly hers.*

**I** SHALL be with you after Dinner, more to see you than your Friends; he that has seen you, expects not to see any thing so fine, and matters not to appear agreeable to any others eyes than yours. Which is to say, I will make my Visit in my usual negligence. As to the assaults which shall be offered my heart, it is your part to repel them, and to preserve the place which belongs to you.

BILLET

## B I L L E T XXIV.

Montrevil, To Madam—

*He Signifies to her that he Loves  
her.*

**Y**OU know what I said to  
you yesterday touching  
the esteem, and something else  
farther which I have for you. I  
most humbly intreat you to be-  
lieve me in meer kindness to be  
in Earnest, for I will give you  
so many testimonies of it, that  
you shall of force believe it.  
Pray let me not come to these  
extremities, for I shall not be  
half so much oblig'd to you, and  
you will one day blush for ha-  
ving doubted of a thing so  
true.

C 3 TENDER

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# Tender Letters.

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## PART II.

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*Reflections on the Letters  
term'd Tender Letters.*

**T**ender Letters shou'd be exceeding clear, and very natural; when one is in Love, he wou'd be understood to be so; and therefore whatever is not an ingenuous imitation of Nature, is suspected of insincerity. In Letters of this kind, the heart must be seen to have a greater share than the wit. But you must especially avoid whatever may seem stac'd and affected, and use only an ingenuous and familiar style.

LETTER

LETTER I. *Count de Buffi to*  
*Madam*——

*He discovers his Love to her.*

I AM not a little griev'd, Ma-  
 dam, that all Declarations  
 of Love shou'd be so like one a-  
 nother, and yet there shou'd be  
 such difference in Men's Passions.  
 I love you better than ever any  
 Man loved Woman; and yet I  
 must tell you this in words which  
 are used by all the World. Let  
 me conjure you before, not so  
 much to mind my words, which  
 are poor mean expressions, and  
 may be deceitful too; but be  
 pleas'd to reflect on my Conduct  
 towards you, and if that shews  
 you by its zealous Constancy  
 that I am most sensibly affected,



Surrender your self then to this testimony, and believe, that seeing I love you so greatly, when not beloved by you, that I shall adore you when you make me the least return of affection.

---

LETTER II. *The Ladies Answer to the Count de Bussi.*

*His Love is to be measur'd by his Conduct.*

**I**F there be any thing which can hinder you from being believ'd when you speak of your Love, it is that it does not overwhelm you, seeing you treat so well of it; great passions are more confused. It seems to me that you write like a Man of a great deal of wit, who is not in Love, and yet

yet wou'd be thought to be so.  
 And seeing it seems to to me who  
 die with desire, you shou'd speak  
 true; judge what it wou'd seem  
 to persons to whom your passion  
 wou'd be indifferent; they wou'd  
 presently imagine that you are in  
 jest, but for my part, who will  
 not make any rash judgment, I  
 accept the offer you make me,  
 and will judge by your conduct  
 whether you are in earnest.

**LETTER III. The Lady—**

*to the Duke of—*

*She denotes the trouble she is in  
 for his sake.*

**I**T's said you have been beaten,  
 perhaps this is a false Report  
 spread by those who envy you.

Since I heard this news, I have made twenty Visits in a day. I began discourses of War, to see whether I could meet with any thing that might comfort me, and I every where heard you were beaten, but not a word of you in particular. I dared not ask what became of you, not that I was afraid I should be discovered to love you. I am too greatly concern'd for you, to matter the censures of the World; but I am afraid of learning more than I wou'd know; this is the Condition wherein I am, and shall be 'till the next Post, and I know not whether I have strength sufficient to hold out 'till then.

LETTER

LETTER IV. *Madam*

to Sir

I am

*She signifies to him her jealousy.*

I am

**S**hall I never be at rest, shall I always be in the fears of losing you, either by Death, or your Change. As long as the Campaign lasts, I am in perpetual alarms; the Enemies fire not a Gun but I think it is at you. I have been lately inform'd you have lost a Battel, but know not what is become of you, and yet after a thousand vexatious thoughts, I hope good fortune has preserv'd you. I am told you are in ~~India~~ where you comfort your self in all your Disgraces, between the arms of ~~Madam~~. If this be so, I am  
 701 very

very unhappy you did not lose your life in the Fight. Yea, I had rather see you dead, than inconstant. I shou'd have the pleasure of supposing that had you liv'd, you wou'd have always loved me, whereas now I have only the vexation, to see my self abandoned for another, who loves you not in any sort like me.

LETTER V. *Madam to the Count of——*

*He is to blame to think she does not Love him.*

**H**OW cruel you are, my dear Count, with your Reproaches; have you no other way of making me confess I Love you, but by accusing me of  
not

not loving you? Pray look on my eyes, every one sees my passion therein: Are you the only Person that cannot discover this? O my dear Count, your sight alone can give me joy, and your absence grief. You are the only Charm of my heart, and all my actions assure you of as much. I strive to bely them, when I am with indifferent Persons; yet 'tis easily perceiv'd in my Behaviour, that my heart is with you; and yet, cruel as you are, you doubt of it. Well, I will then die to convince you.

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LETTER VI. *To Madam R.*

**I** WAS yesterday honoured with the Title of ——— and there are who would flatter me



me into a belief of my being not the most ill-shaped Person, and of meanest repute at Court. Yet you tell me you are not design'd by Heaven for me. If any one does deserve you by the constancy and earnestness of his affections, I am sure it is I. But if all Men be unworthy of you, for whom are you born? The finest Women displease me immediately, either from the little relish you have left me for them, or from remorse of having lookt on them. I am continually walking out alone in Solitary and Desolate Places, the better to nourish a passion that does but torment me. Where ever I do not find you, my sorrow or my impatience inform me that 'tis you alone I seek. Thus forc'd to appear uncivil, restless, or solitary, I make  
 em my

my self hated by all the World, because I can love nothing but you. Would not you pity me, if I owed my misfortunes to the indifference of another; and is there coming from you a reason why you should not be affected by them. As soon as I suppose you a little tender, I cease considering you as what is most amiable, but rather as what is most adorable.

LETTER VII. *Count de Bussi*  
*to Madam*

*He fears lest she has changed her  
 Opinion of him.*

**Y**OU Having, Madam, granted me the favour of visiting you, and it being impossible to see you without telling you that I love you, or at least writing it, I could willingly flatter my self  
 that

that my Letter will not be ill received. Yet I tremble; and Love, which is never without fear of displeasing, makes me imagine you may have chang'd your Opinion. Do me the favour, I beseech you, to put me out of doubt; if you knew how passionately I desire it, and with what transport I shall receive what you write me, you will not judge me unworthy this favour.

---

LETTER VIII. *The Answer.*

**W**HY should one be changed, Sir, you are a strange Gentleman; is it not enough for you to know your own strength, but that you must Triumph over the weakness of others?

*Gallant*

# GALLANT AND Amorous LETTERS.

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## PART III.

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First Reflection on Letters Gallant and Amorous.

**I**N Amorous and Gallant Letters you must explain your self with a tender and curious air. Ingenuity must have as great a part in them as the heart, and one must endeavour in a delicate and affecting manner to persuade the Person of whom you wou'd be beloved, that you have a real passion for her. Women are commonly of no hard belief in these matters; and to increase the more the Ideas which self-love gives her of her Charms, and the great

great inclination you have for her, you must cajole her with Address, this puts her in good humour, and inspires her with esteem for him who has known so agreeably to flatter her. And if it be true, that there is but one step from Esteem to Love, your Lady easily takes that in favour of her Panegyrist; and this is what's desired.

---

Second REFLECTION on  
Letters Gallant and Amorous.

**L**etters Gallant and Amorous are moreover made in this manner. You chuse a subject whereon you wou'd entertain the Lady you love, and hereon write to her with a lively and natural air somewhat that is agreeable and taking. If her inclinations be towards you, the ingenious thing you write her, and the  
easie

*easy Praises you give her, strengthen these good dispositions. All this naturally induces your Mistress to give you marks of her love, and you need not be told you are happy, when you can arrive at this.*

---

LETTER I. Voiture to Madam Pawlet.

*He tells her that he loves her.*

*Madam,*

**I**F it lay in my power you shou'd hear oftner from me; but we commonly come to places where nothing is harder to be found than Ink and Paper. And then again one must write with such exactness to you, that I, conscious of my own inabilities, never take the Pen in my hand, but I tremble, with fear of saying too much, and use the greatest violence to restrain my self. At  
this



this very time I die with eagerness to entertain you with things which I am to conceal, and which perhaps you wou'd not like; for you have forbid me speaking of Love, and I must obey you what ever pain I suffer. Yet, Madam, I cannot forbear saying, that notwithstanding the passion I have for War, I feel another which is stronger, and know that our first inclinations are always the Mistresses. We meet with nothing that Resists, we every day approach nearer the Country of Melons, Figs, Muscadine Grapes, and we are going to Fight in places where we shall gather no Palms, but what are scented with Flowers of Oranges, and the most fragrant Fruits. But I wou'd willingly leave my part of all our Victories, to have the honour

honour of being at your feet, and  
shall ever esteem less the Title of  
Conquerour, than that of

*Your most obedient Servant*

---

LETTER II. *Count de Bussi*  
*to Madam*—

---

*A Declaration of Love.*

**I** Depart from you, Madam, to  
be more with you than I was.  
My Lady——watcht me, and  
I dar'd not look towards you,  
may I fear'd, she being very crafty,  
lest this affectation shou'd  
discover me. It is so well known  
that you must be look'd on, when  
one is near you, that he that does  
not do it, is judg'd to forbear out  
of some subtle design. In not  
seeing you at present, my Love  
lies thereby conceal'd, and I have  
done even as that Madam, the  
lo

the liberty of shewing it only to you. But how happy should I be, cou'd I perswade you how great it is, for then you cou'd not acquit your self of injustice, if you felt not some compassion towards me.

---

LETTER III. Scaron to the  
Countess de Brienne.

*She cannot be seen without loving  
her.*

*Madam,*

PERhaps you may have never in your life suffered a Declaration of Love to be made to you, so that one should not dare to do it; this not depending on you, permit me therefore to doubt of it, as long as you do not command me absolutely to believe it. Let us fairly acknowledge, Madam, that we have both  
of

of us wanted ingenuity in the first Letters we wrote to one another, and that if it be impossible but you must have been made Love to, Charming as you are; so it is no less, that, having my senses, I should be content with being only one of your Friends.

---

LETTER IV. Scaron to the  
Countess of Brionne.

*He is in Love with her.*

*Madam,*

**Y**OU have had, like the Queen of Sweden, the Curiosity to see me, you must like her permit me to be in love with you. If you think I ask of you what you ought not to grant, I will endeavour to content myself with being only one of your Friends,

Friends, and conceal from you what I shall be more. You may believe after this declaration that I wou'd not deceive you for any thing in the World. On this Consideration I will undertake to inform you of the good and bad Qualities of him who gives himself to you. He has a very ill shaped Body, but in requital, one of the best fashion'd Souls in the World, which he wou'd not change with any one, unless it be with you. When he is in Love, it is with such violence, that he is sometimes ashamed of it; and to tell you all, altho' he be very punctual in the Office of Friendship, yet he is not over-much in writing to his Friends. In recompence of this, he is over-ventured in speaking well of 'em, and when he is obliged to take  
 about the

the part of those he loves, there is no difference between him and a Lion. If you like me as I have now represented my self, I give my self to you Body and Soul; and in expectation of your declaring your self on my good or bad destiny, I am and shall be the Man the most charmed with your accomplishments.

---

LETTER V. *The Chevalier de Merte, to Madam—*

*One cannot chuse but love her.*

Madam, I have done all that I could, Madam, to forget you, and I never undertook any thing more difficult, nor that has worse succeeded: Whatever amiable pictures thro' my imagination, brings to my mind your perfections. I have been indisposed, and those

D

words

words you have done me the honour to write me, tho' they have not restor'd me all my health, yet they have at least oblig'd me to wish not to dye. A Person that cou'd be so moderate to love you only in the manner you mention, might be very happy with you. He might admire a most agreeable and generous Lady, and be happy in her friendship. But it is hard for a Man to stop here, who has so delicate a claim as mine. There is in your Person and Actions such Graces as wou'd enamour a Stoick. I am charm'd with you, and they make me your Humble Servant, with greater passion than can be express'd.

LETTER



LETTER VI. Collier to Madam.

*He cannot but love her.*

**I**F I me earnestly entreat you, good Madam, to acquit me of my promise, I am considerately engaged my word with you, the other day, that I would only hold one of those wife sort of Friendships which disturb not a Man's rest; but I now find I cannot keep my promise, and that I was to blame in taking writing measures of your strength and mine. Do what I could, it has been impossible for me to defend my self from the troubles which accompany great affections. I have been for this three days and three nights struggling with my self on this matter; and all this has serv'd to render me more dejected. Par-

don me if I keep not the Promise I have made you; you shall find me faithful in every thing else, and yet suffer me to tell you, that if I deceive you now, you have deceiv'd me first; and tho' you have appear'd to me one of the most Charming Persons alive, yet I cou'd never have thought you so redoutable to a Soul like mine, so little born to Servitude, and so naturally a Rebel.

---

LETTER VII. *Costar to Madam*

*He is Charmed with having seen and heard her.*

**M**Y Mind and Heart are so full of yesterdays Marvels, that it will be long before there will be room for any thing else. They cannot be fill'd with any thing so Fair and Charming; and

and to the end I may well express to you the pleasures I had in seeing and hearing you, I must protest to you, there's no body in the world but you who can give me greater, if you please. You would be adorable, if you were a little more sensible; this is your only defect, and there is none more difficult to be cured in you. However I am resolv'd not to be discouraged, and to employ the rest of my days on this design, with this only regret, that I did not Court you sooner.

---

LETTER VIN. *Costar to an unknown Lady who had wrote to him.*

*Declaration of Love.*

*Madam, or Mistress,*

**Y**OUR Letter is so Gallant, that I dye with desire to know who it came from; yet

for my quiet perhaps it were better we shou'd remain as we are; there is no jesting with Persons who make themselves so much beloved before they make themselves known; who are surprizers of hearts, and who obliges them to surrender on discretion. I have seen nothing of you but some rays of your Spirit in what you have done me the honour to write me, and they kindle desires in me which are very troublesome. What wou'd it be if I had the happiness to see this same Spirit glister in your eyes, and throw thence fire and flames? Love is a God whom 'tis dangerous tempting, and he must rather be Combated flying, than resisting. But, alas, these fine Morals are out of season. I am slain into the ambuscade you have laid for

for me, and I find my self toucht  
 in the tenderest part of my Soul.  
 If this Declaration offends you,  
 blame your self for it; one is apt  
 to light of bad rencounters when  
 one goes disguised. I do not  
 know you, discover this Divinity  
 to whom I address my vows, be-  
 fore I offer my incense. Love is  
 blind, but none was ever more  
 so than mine. Give him but good  
 eyes, and I engage my word, that,  
 ceasing to be blind, he will begin  
 to be more, in case the liberty I  
 take of entertaining you, be not  
 agreeable to you. I am

Madam, or Mistress

Your Most, &c.

D<sup>y</sup> C<sup>y</sup> L<sup>y</sup>

LETTER IX. Costar to Madam—

*He will break off if she continues  
to treat him severely.*

*Madam,*

**A**S your most humble Servant, my duty obliges me to adverteise you that my heart is ready to mutiny, and that if you do not help, I cannot oblige it to preserve the fidelity it has sworn to you. It has withheld me all night from sleeping, and never ceas'd representing to me the cruel words you spake to me yesterday, and which pierced it thro' and thro'. He threatens to break his Chain, if you continue thus ill using him. He complains that for this 15 days you make him languish in a mortal sadness, he that is used to live only in joy and pleasure. He tells me  
that



that you every moment cut off his hopes, how modest soever they be, and abuse the Sovereign Power he has given you over him. In fine, Madam, he has powerfully solicited me to put an end to this misery by a generous despatch, and to seek elsewhere the repose which he finds not in your service. So true an heart deserves more favour than you are pleas'd to shew it, I hope to keep it within the bounds of its duty. However on your side use more moderately your Almighty Power, and look on its weakness with more pity than contempt. I am,

*Madam*

*D<sup>s</sup> Yours.*



LETTER X. *Costar to  
Madam*

*She ought to surrender her self to  
the Love he has for her.*

**W**Hat do you mean, Ma-  
dam, when you give me  
to every body? This is the  
fourth or fifth time you have  
offer'd me, and it has not been  
your fault that you have not de-  
liver'd me. Although I am  
yours living or dead, yet I am  
not to be Sold, or Pawn'd. You  
are absolute Mistress of my Per-  
son, yet you cannot make a Pre-  
sent of me, as of your Pearls and  
Jewels: My Heart is another  
sort of treasure, it cannot be a-  
lienated, and you shall keep it  
as long as you please, or you shall  
please him, and be as amiable as  
you

you are now. But when you grow weary of me, think not to put me off to the first of your Friends. If this which I say does not please you, restore me to my self, and to my first Liberty. And yet, Fool as I am, I shou'd be sorry shou'd you take me at my word, shou'd you put the keys of my Prison into my hands, I much question whether I shou'd make use of 'em. Render not therefore to me all that you have taken from me, but surrender your self to me, and resist no more with such rigour and ingratitude an affection so constant as mine. When you shall be resolved on this, you must gently dispose me to so strange a revolution of my Fortune, lest so surprizing a joy should kill me,

and

and prove stronger than my despair has been.

LETTER XI. Montrevil  
to Madam

*He will love her without hope.*

Since I saw you, Madam, I can neither say my Prayers, nor Eat, nor Sleep. I feel in my Mind and Health a terrible disorder, and shou'd I follow the Counsel of my Confessor, or Physician, I shou'd never see you more. They have a great deal of reason, and I have scarce any. Your severity shou'd furnish me with a good one, not to think of you; and were I wise, the assurance you have given me never as long as you live to favour me, shou'd discharge me from a service whence I must  
not

not expect any recompence. My Condition is to be pity'd, who must love on, when there is not the least hopes of my Vows being accepted.

---

LETTER XII. *The Chevalier d'Her, to Madam—*

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*When she has fewer Admirers, he will then make known his Love to her.*

---

I Wou'd have taken long since, Madam, the liberty of loving you, had you been at leisure to have been beloved by me; but having so many Admirers, I thought 'twas better to preserve my love for you till a favourable opportunity. Perhaps your Court will have a vacation time. It may be you will like to inspire some one with

with jealousy, in making immediately a new Lover to appear. Reckon, Madam, that you have one in reserve, whom you may produce when you please; I shall always have my heart ready, you need give me but the least sign, which shall be counted an unspeakable favour by, Madam, your most Humble, &c.

---

LETTER XIII. *The Chevalier*  
*d'Her. To Madam*

*He will make himself be beloved  
 by her.*

**Y**OU have defended your self very well from my Declaration, but what will you say that at long run you will not love me? Yes, you shall love me, I know what I say, and feel. Be not so certain of your steadfastness,

fastness, were your Resolutions  
a thousand times stronger than  
they are, I have wherewithal  
to vanquish them. I matter no  
Cost when bestow'd on such  
Charming Ladies as you are:  
Will the Business require years,  
be it so, I cannot better employ  
'em. Will you grant me no fa-  
vour, I will then love you even  
for your Cruelties. You will  
only grant me light favours, they  
shall appear to me very great  
ones. You will oppose Rivals to  
me, I will make them desert, by  
the despair I will put them in of  
rendring you as many services as  
I. In fine, take what Party you  
please, I will master your indiffe-  
rence, and after much time, over-  
whelm'd with love, tenderness,  
and respects, you will not know  
on which side to turn you, and  
you will love me.

*Letters*



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# Letters of Praise.

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## PART IV.

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### REFLECTIONS on *Letters of Praise.*

**T**O *Cajole agreeably a Person,*  
you must single out what is  
most commendable in her. You  
must consider these things with at-  
tention, and from the several re-  
gards this gives, you must com-  
pose a Letter. It pleases so much  
the more, as the Commendations  
which it includes are true, just,  
and proper to the Object you praise.  
Nothing pleases so much as truth,  
or at least what looks like it. The  
Praises



*Praises which have not this eye,  
are so far from pleasing, that they  
are insupportable.*

**L E T T E R I.** Voiture to  
*Madam*

*She writes delicate Letters.*

**A**T this time when your Letters are more admirable than ever, and that I despair in all my life to write so good ones, I should be overjoy'd to receive some; it being just your Civility should restore me the Honour which your wit has made me lose. The high Opinion which I have of you, has prepar'd me to see in them all sort of Marvels without being surpriz'd; and methinks you cannot do any thing which can astonish me, unless it be something which is mean.

mean. But, Madam, you are arrived to a degree of perfection which I had not conceiv'd; and I can imagine nothing to my self of what I see. I beg your pardon if I speak freely to you; my spleen is not so well over, that I can be in a humour to flatter you. You have rais'd your self as much above your self, as you were above others; and the least of your Letters is of more worth than I dare express. In the heat of my Choler I have made no Complaints against you, but what were accompanied with Praises; and that which has obliged me to reconcile my self, is the fear I have, that in shewing you hatred, it will be judged to proceed rather from envy, than a just resentment. Let me conjure you,  
 Madam,

Madam, to be perswaded of this,  
and to believe I am beyond all  
you can imagine, Madam, your  
most humble, &c.

---

LETTER II. Voiture to  
Monsieur de Chantelou.

*He writes curiously.*

**T**HO' I have neither time  
nor wit enough to an-  
swer so curious a Letter as yours,  
yet I must most humbly thank  
you for the honour you have  
done me. This Letter is so ad-  
mirable, that 'twould have in-  
spir'd me with jealousy had it  
been writ by another. But lo-  
ving you as I do my self, or to  
say more, as much as your La-  
dy loves you, I am ravish'd that  
you write as you speak, as you  
sing, as you dance, as you vault,  
and

and as you do all other things.  
I only find fault you have sent  
me no word of Madam—

This is a great omission for one  
so judicious as you. Be not of-  
fended I speak so freely to you;  
and suffer this liberty from a  
Person who admires you in e-  
very thing else, and who is  
with passion,

Sir, your most humble.

LETTER III. Voiture to  
the Marquess de Pisani.

He Writes admirably.

**M**Y Lord, if I esteem the  
two Letters you have  
been pleas'd to commend, 'tis  
because they have occasion'd the  
honour I have had of receiving  
one of yours. When I saw it, I  
confirm'd my self in the Opi-  
nion

nion I had of you, that you might one day make me jealous, and deprive me of the glory of writing well, to which had it not been for you I might pretend. But seeing you have so many other ways of obtaining it, permit me to have this, and lose not so fair an occasion of obliging me, and giving me particular proofs of your Friendship, laying aside for my sake a commendation which you may so gloriously obtain. There are other more solid, and worthy of you. Yet if you think there are none so small as a good Man shou'd despise, and that this is the only thing he shou'd not be liberal of, I have nothing to say against so just a sentiment, and I will willingly let my self be vanquish'd, seeing 'tis by you.

flab

As

As to the honore which you  
will deprive me of, to make my  
self amends, I will share in yours,  
or will content my self with  
that of being your most hume  
ble, &c.

**LETTER IV.** Voiture au  
Monsieur Emen, Controller of  
the Treasury.

**T**Ho you will not suffer me  
to speak of your other  
Letters, yet you must at least  
permit me to praise that which  
you wrote in my favour to  
Mr. — There is scarce any body  
but you who can write such a  
one, especially that part where  
in you say that to shorten my  
Affair, you desire to advance  
your Money, is one of the finest  
Sayings I ever read. How mo  
dest



best soever you are, you must  
 allow this to be a noble way  
 of speaking, to offer Twenty  
 Thousand Livers for a Friend,  
 and there are few Persons can  
 know how to use such a style.  
 Among so many fine Wits as we  
 are in the Academy, we shoud  
 never have thought of expres-  
 sing our selves thus, and among  
 the delicate thoughts we meet  
 with, we find none such as this.  
 I admire it, and am passionately  
 yours.

---

LETTER V. *Castar to the*  
*Count de Telle.*

*On her desiring to have as much*  
*Wit as he.*

Suffer me, Madam, to be so  
 bold as to tell you, you know  
 not what you desire, when you  
 with



with to have as much wit as I. You  
 bring to my mind those Princes  
 who grow weary of their Great-  
 nels, and envy little Pleasures.  
 It is very strange you should so  
 much mistake your self. I won-  
 der not that ordinary Persons  
 should seek elsewhere that satis-  
 faction which they cannot find  
 in themselves. But those who  
 are like you are to blame, if  
 they pass not one part of their  
 days in knowing themselves.  
 Had you thoroughly reflected on  
 your self, you would not have  
 regarded me so much. For my  
 part I would rather owe so  
 great a favour to my merit,  
 than my Fortune; but because  
 I cannot justly gain it, I had  
 rather steal it than be without  
 it. A Man is not obliged to  
 restitution when he steals only  
 things

things absolutely necessary to Life, and I cannot live without the honour of your esteem. I shou'd be overjoy'd to deserve it by important Services, did not the pleasant prevail over the profitable; and those which I render you being to your liking. I ought to be as easily contented as you.

*I am, Madam, yours, &c.*

---

LETTER VI. Coster to  
Madam—

*She writes delicate Billets.*

**T**HE hope I had of making you a Visit, Madam, has made me lose the pleasure of writing you a Letter; and what I more regret, I have thereby

E                      lost

lost one of your answers. If you remember the last, you will see I say a great deal. It was so neat, that when it shou'd have been disobliging, yet it must have pleas'd me; and it was so obliging that I shou'd have lov'd it if it had not been so neat. That has likewise befalln me which I cou'd never have believ'd possible. I felt I lov'd you more than before; and have experienc'd what I cou'd never have comprehended without this; that the esteem I have for your wit cou'd admit additions. I dare, Madam, acknowledge to you, that I have been above a day glad at your absence; and that every time I read what you have done me the honour to write, I doubt whether what I thought be true, that I cou'd have

have no greater content than  
that of seeing and hearing  
you.

---

LETTER VII. To Madam  
de Guesprai.

*There is no Man deserves her  
heart.*

**I**T is, Madam, a very wise  
Resolution you have taken  
of keeping your heart, and ne-  
ver changing it for another;  
whatever might be given you  
in return, you will be a loser;  
and there is no Man deserves  
this happiness, or has the bold-  
ness to expect it, without the  
greatest presumption. Shou'd  
any Man entirely one day pos-  
sess you, cou'd he make you

Queen of the greatest Kingdom  
 on Earth, he wou'd receive more  
 than he cou'd give, and you  
 wou'd make him Master of a  
 Treasure of more worth than  
 his Crown. Yet with all this  
 I may be bold to say, that the  
 possession of one of the most  
 Beautiful and Wittiest Women  
 alive, wou'd not be capable of  
 making him perfectly happy;  
 seeing he will have the regret  
 of being esteem'd unworthy, by  
 all those who have the honour  
 to know you.

LETTER

## LETTER VIII. Costar to

*Madam—**She Writes Ingenuously.*

I CAN easily believe, Ma-  
dam, it has been some small  
trouble to you in remaining so  
long without doing me the ho-  
nour of writing to me. By the  
pleasure I receive from your  
Letters, I judge of that you  
take in writing them, and it is  
impossible so many curious  
things shou'd not content the  
Mind which produces them,  
seeing they ravish him to whom  
they are adressed. So that what-  
ever diversion the Company has  
given you have been in, you  
have lost some in not sending  
me an answer. I am angry with



all those Persons who gave you no leisure, and it is hard for me to say whether it is more from my interest than yours. Yet, Madam, after having thought well on it, I am not over displeas'd at your having not so much time as you wou'd have to write to me, seeing you wou'd too greatly shame me, and I know not whether I cou'd forbear envying your having an hundred times more wit than I. There are seven or eight things in your Letters so delicate, that they fill me as much with astonishment as pleasure. Shou'd I have been sick, so Charming a Lecture wou'd have cured me of all my indispositions, and there wou'd only remain to me that of not seeing you.

LETTER



LETTER IX. Costar to  
Madam——

*On her telling Costar she made a  
bold stroak in Writing to him.*

**Y**OUR bold stroaks, Ma-  
dam, are sure ones. A  
Man cannot have the power to  
guard himself from them, nor  
the Courage to repel them.  
They tickle and wound at the  
same time, but their wounds  
are not to be fear'd ; the Let-  
ter which makes them, heals  
'em. The curious things I there-  
in meet with, shew me your  
strength, and my weakness,  
and render me the humility  
which your praises had taken  
from me. Your boldness is the  
cause that I lose mine. It makes

me comprehend the danger I put my self in by answering you, and gives me more fear of your wit, than you have of mine. Yet, Madam, I cease apprehending, when I consider, that if the manner in which I express my Sentiments does not please you, you will have the goodness to remember those I keep at the bottom of my heart. I am bold to say they are not unworthy of you, and that they do in some sort deserve I shou'd bear the quality of, Madam, your most humble and obedient Servant.

LETTER

LETTER X. Collar to  
Monsieur Montrevil.

*He ill defends himself from Praise.*

**Y**OU defend your self very ill from the Praises which are given you ; and to perswade us you are not Eloquent, you use so many fine words, that I feel you have made an impression in my mind, quite contrary to that which you pretend. It is too much presuming on your self to believe you cou'd deceive so many Worthy Persons who esteem you ; and there is more vanity in imagining we flatter you, than in acknowledging the advantages you have above others. So that, Sir, instead of contenting your

in being modest, which is the  
 vertue of those to whom all o-  
 thers are wanting; do your self  
 justice, and be profitable to the  
 Publick; and seeing all who  
 know you admire you, or envy  
 you, put your self in a Condi-  
 tion to satisfy the first, and to  
 shame the others.

I am wholly yours.

LETTER XI. Scarron, to  
 Madam D'Aubigné.

*She Writes most agreeably.*

WHAT you have wrote  
 to me, Madam, is ex-  
 tremely ingenuous, and I am  
 ill satisfied with my wit, in not  
 having soon enough discover'd  
 the excellency of yours. The  
 Letter

Letter I receiv'd from you is an  
astonishing mark of it; and I  
cannot imagine why you shou'd  
use as much care in concealing  
it, as others do in shewing theirs.  
Now you have discover'd your  
self, you ought to write freely  
to me; and I will endeavour to  
write as good a *Billet* as yours;  
whereby you will have the plea-  
sure of seeing how far I shall  
come short of it.

LETTER

LETTER XII. *The Chevalier de Méré, to the Dutchesse de Léfdiguières.*

*She writes admirable Letters.*

**Y**OUR Letters astonish me; and those which are writ most carelessly by you, do inexpressibly affect me. I read some of 'em to Ladies who write with a very charming air, and yet affirm'd they shou'd think themselves very happy, were they the Authors of them. I have likewise Friends, Men of excellent sense, who remark great Beauties in your manner of writing, and such graces as the most Polite have not. It is not only my Friends who admire you; those that have the least



least relish, meet with I know  
 not what in the least things  
 which you write which surprize  
 them. Most Persons of the  
 Court, and especially the La-  
 dies, believ'd, or feign'd to be-  
 lieve, that the pleasure there is  
 in hearing you speak, comes ra-  
 ther from your mouth, and the  
 sweet sounds of your voice, than  
 from your Sentiments; For ne-  
 ver any body spake like you;  
 but your Letters disabuse the  
 World, and in spite of envy,  
 'tis granted that they please no  
 less than your Conversation.

# LETTER



LETTER XIII. *the Chevalier*  
*de Méré, to Madam de Scu-*  
*orderle, on the 1. Nov. 1661.*  
*Her Billet Charms him.*

**T**H E most Excellent Wits  
 admire you, Madam, and  
 it is not only to day, that I am  
 charm'd with what ever comes  
 from you, and that you have  
 entred far into my mind; but if  
 I may dare to acquaint you with  
 what passes in my heart, the  
*Billet* you have done me the ho-  
 nour to write to me, has plac'd  
 you very far therein. One shou'd  
 wish only to please such Persons  
 as you who can judge solidly of  
 every thing; and cou'd imagine  
 there were any in the world  
 that I cou'd sometimes see like  
 your self, 'twou'd be very diffi-  
 cult

cult for me to keep my self in my retirement, where my days do calmly slip away. I have inspired one of your Friends and mine with jealousy, in shewing him your *Billet*, and have assured him that neither he nor *Vous* have ever did any thing of this value. I know not whether you will not be surpriz'd at my glorying in a favour which shou'd make me happy in my self, without mention of it to any body. But, Madam, if you desire it shou'd be secret, you must not write to me things which give you such great glory, and are so advantageous to me.

Letters

# OTHER LETTERS

## OF PRAISE.

### LETTER I.

*Madam,*

**A**LL that proceeds from your Pen is so Excellent, that I pick up the very fragments of your hand, and keep them as Sacred, as I would do the leaves of the

the most inlightned Sybil. Here I meet with all the parts of that sublime Eloquence so much desired by the Learned, and which is so necessary to any Person that would speak worthily of you. If I could be so happy as to attain to that perfection, and that it were possible I should have sufficiently prais'd you, I might then with Justice boast to have accomplish'd the most difficult Enterprize in the World, and that which I desir'd the most to effect. For it is certain, Madam, that I have no greater desire, than to set forth the two greatest Examples that ever were of an accomplish'd Virtue, and of a perfect Affection, in letting the World know how much you are to be valu'd, and how much I am yours, &c.

LET-

## LETTER II

**N**Othing since my absence has been worthy of notice, but that Letter which came lately from your fair hands. In my Opinion it is the most perfect Master-piece that ever Fortune produc'd; and seeing that you can dispose of that blind Goddess on any occasion, I who am absent, shall have just cause of Complaint if one day I am not made happy; for of truth I believe that power to be in your hands, and that you need but desire, to have the effects follow, say but the word then, and render me the happiest Person in the World. &c.

LET

## LETTER III.

**I**F in my absence I have had any satisfaction, it only consisted in discoursing of you to a thousand Persons: so soon as it had been divulg'd, that I came from that place which you bless with your presence, every one had a desire to see and examine me. And I have been question'd as if I was newly arriv'd from Heaven. I have made answer to all their Interrogatories, and amongst the rest, that your late Illness had added lustre to your Charms; and when I insisted on your increase of wit also, it was thought that I advanc'd incredibilities, and in that particular I lost all my Credit. In truth, such



such Miracles are wrought in as never were in any other Person; and none but you did ever appear with more Beauty, after having been under the severe handling of the declar'd Enemies to all Beauties, and never any before became the more accomplish'd\*by breathing in a Country air. When I relate these things so common with you, I am look'd upon as your Flatterer. Pray, Madam, hasten therefore to justify your self, and me.

LETTER



## LETTER IV.

**I** AM in a place, Madam, where every day I see wonderful things, Master-pieces of the greatest Masters that ever Nature and Art did produce; Gardens where the Spring is to be found during all the rigours of the Winter Season; Buildings that have not their equals in the World, and Mines that yet out-pass those stately Edifices. But all that cannot disperse my melancholy, and prevent me at the very instant that I am beholding those Rarities, to wish my self far from them. Neither can I find in me any esteem for the Paintings of the best Hands, nor the Productions of the most Elegant Pens, I should

should wonder at my insensibility to all these excellencies, if I did not know the cause of it, and if I was not sensible that a Person accustomed to see you, can no longer be happy without the continuation of those Charming Objects. To tell you the truth, Madam, it is with you, as with health, which is never more priz'd than when we are depriv'd of it. In that Letter which I receiv'd from your fair hands, besides the delicate things which I have remark'd, and those visible Beauties that I see in it, there is something more which affects the Heart, as well as the Mind, besides a Secret Virtue, which produces extraordinary effects. So soon as I had read it, I found my self reviv'd, and as if there

was

was no longer any absence in the World, nor desires, nor fears; my Soul has remain'd since in a perfect tranquility. None but You, in which all perfections concentered, can work such surprizing effects: Continue them, Madam, I humbly intreat you, to,

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LETTER V.

**I** Must confess, Madam, that I have a satisfaction which I cannot express, and that I feel some vanity in having receiv'd some Lines from a Person the most accomplish'd in the World, and in whom abound all those qualities that can create affection and esteem. If I had convers'd so little in the World as

to

to never have heard of these things, I should be fully inform'd of the nature of them in your Letters, for there is not any thing in the World that equals your Civility and Wit, and though I should give the same judgment, if I receiv'd them from any other Persons, yet they are much more valuable to me, proceeding from you, your hand adds that strength and vigour to them, which I could not expect from elsewhere; yet, Madam, it is not your extream bounty, nor that way of writing by which you presently gain the hearts of all that read your Letters, that obliges me to obey you. It is only that profound respect which I have for those wonderful qualities that shine in you, and that great inclination with which I am, &c. LET-

## LETTER VI.

It is impossible to know you perfectly at first ; so many different Beauties which you possess, so many Graces, so many Charms, so much Wit, Judgment, Courage, Fortitude, and Generosity, all those wonders cannot be run over at first sight, they require time, and there is so much perfection in you, that divers days may very well be employ'd, only to behold you well ; I know not whether I deceive my self, but I think I find my Mind so fill'd with the Idea of all those accomplishments, that there is no room left for any thing else. My Soul is  
 F wholly

wholly taken up in Contem-  
plation of you. No more  
words can be found to express  
the affection that I have for  
you, it is beyond all that can  
be said, or conceiv'd, you alone  
can imagine it, and it only can  
be felt by, &c.

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## L E T T E R V H.

**I**F all that is Beautiful,  
Charming, and Agreeable  
in the World, were put to-  
gether, could there be any  
thing so lovely as you ap-  
pear'd last night? And all that  
the Poets say of Smiles, Gra-  
ces, and Love, are they not  
visibly discern'd about your  
Person?

Person : After having had so much happiness as to behold all that with my own eyes, I resolve never more to complain. I know it will cost me the remains of my Soul, but let me dye if I regret it : And if I had all those in the World, I would part with them with all my heart, for such a pleasure as I feel at the sight of you.

**LETTER**



## LETTER VIII.

**Y**OU will be so obliging  
 as to permit me to add  
 as many Lines in Prose, as I  
 have writ of Verses to Cele-  
 brate your Beauty, and to tell  
 you, in a language which u-  
 sually speaks things more plain  
 and more true than that other,  
 that I dye for you; that Beauty  
 I lately mention'd, is much  
 better describ'd in my Soul,  
 than here, and the Image that  
 I have conceiv'd of it, is such,  
 that it places you before *Au-  
 rora*, and the Sun. I say no-  
 thing but what seems to me  
 too flat, and that I believe in-  
 ferious to you. Judge, I be-  
 seech you, in what tranquility  
 that

that Mind can be wherein you  
 are so lively represented; who  
 reflecting at every moment on  
 the most Charming thing in  
 the World; amongst so many  
 reasons for desiring, cannot  
 perceive any for hope, on what  
 side soever it looks: Yet mine  
 is contented in this condition,  
 it is so wholly taken up in the  
 admiration of so many won-  
 derful Qualities, and in con-  
 ceiving how amiable you are,  
 that I have no time left to  
 think I am not belov'd, and  
 to feel that I am dying. Mean  
 time I find that my Life can-  
 not long subsist after this man-  
 ner, and seeing it is yours, and  
 that you are the sole Mistress  
 of it, I believe it part of my  
 duty to give you notice of the

eminent danger it is in. You may dispose of it as you please, for I have nothing to crave of you on that point; and my will is so entirely submitted to yours, that I will not permit it to wish for that Good which you are pleas'd to deny me, nor to avoid the Evil which you ordain me to suffer. All that I can say, is, That my whole Soul being equally yours, it is not reasonable that all my felicity should consist only in my imagination, and that it might be a piece of Justice in you, to afford more real and solid satisfactions, to the most solid and real passion that ever Man was sensible of, &c.

LETTER

## LETTER IX.

**A**LL the Beauties, Graces, Agreeableness, and Wit, that is under the Heavens, are to abandon me within this three days; as also all that is Beautiful, Sweet, and Generous. I am sensible that at the same moment I shall be depriv'd of all my Joy, my Heart, and my Soul. Take pity, Madam, of a poor wretch which you reduce to all this misery, and be so merciful as quite to destroy him before you depart, or to return, before he has languish'd to death after you.

LETTER

## LETTER X.

**S**ince yesterday, my eyes  
 have been disorder'd, but  
 so soon as I think on yours,  
 they recover again, and can no  
 longer remain disturb'd. I  
 cannot imagine that there can  
 be any thing conceal'd to a  
 Person that is so illuminated as  
 you are; nor believe that the  
 Heavens have fram'd so Cu-  
 rious a Piece only to deceive  
 Men. That Picture which I  
 took along with me yesterday,  
 cures all my Evils; and so  
 soon as I cast my eyes upon  
 it, all my ill humours are  
 gone, my distrusts do vanish,  
 and my mind is fill'd with  
 joy and contentedness. It is  
 in

in that condition I write to  
you at present; and that I  
assure you that there is no Man  
in the World so Contented,  
so Happy, and so Innocent,  
as I am.

~~I have to give a translation~~  
**LETTER XL**

I Received a from wound the  
last time I beheld you, of  
which I perceive plainly I  
shall never recover; and un-  
less I never distance my self  
above two steps from you,  
can I live long? Seriously,  
Madam, it is an Imprudence  
in you to appear so amiable as  
you are, to those Persons that  
wish you well. When I did  
behold but the half of your  
Charms,



Charms, and of your, Wit,  
 then were they more than I  
 cou'd bear. Imagine in what  
 a Condition I can be at this  
 present; I swear I have not  
 had one moment of rest since  
 I left you. But with all that,  
 I have so great a satisfaction  
 and joy, that though I shou'd  
 dye of it within an hour, I  
 would not complain of you;  
 for since you are resolv'd to  
 depart in a short time, and  
 that my Life is threatned to be  
 miserable, I need not be in  
 fear of losing it, and I shall be  
 glad you would take it from  
 me before you go.

LETTER

## LETTER XII.

**T**HAT Letter you writ  
 me last Evening, with  
 the desire you then express'd  
 of entertaining me, hath  
 broke my Sleep, all this night  
 I have pass'd it in thinking on  
 all those Charms of Body and  
 Mind, which you did set  
 forth before me; certainly  
 all that is most Beautiful and  
 agreeable in the World, come  
 not near those things which  
 you speak, or act. I know  
 not what will become of me;  
 When I think you love me I  
 sleep not, when I believe you  
 love another, I am in despair;  
 when I am absent from you I  
 know not what I do; and  
 when

when I beheld you, all your  
 actions, all your gestures, and  
 all your words poison me;  
 I tell a tale, and I pray, I  
 find; all that hope I have is  
 that you will not leave me  
 of, certainly, and you will  
 break my sleep, all this night  
 I have paid it in thinking on  
 all those Customs of Body and  
 Mind, which you did  
 forth before me; certainly  
 all that is most Beautiful, and  
 agreeable in the World, comes  
 not near those things which  
 you speak, or act. I know  
 not what will become of me;  
 When I think you love me, I  
 sleep not, when I believe you  
 love me not, I am in despair;  
 when I see you from you I  
 know not what I do; and  
 when

